

## Pot Of Gold

Peter Doherty

Hush my darling, no don't you cry  
Daddy's trying to write you a lullaby so sweet  
And if that lullaby is a hit  
Dad can buy you loads of cool shit  
Forget about the times  
When they always try to run me out of town

Just be silent for a few moments more  
I can write the kind of thing that they pay millions for  
Forget about the times  
They always, they try to play my town

And you know, there will be no pot of gold  
If you're caught bunking up the side of the rainbow  
You see  
Oh don't you know, they said, there's a pot of gold  
And I'm coming, sliding off the end of the rainbow  
Hands free  
Hands free  
Hands free